Kill Bill: Vol. 2

By Quentin Tarantino
Do you find me sadistic?
You know, Kiddo...
I'd like to believe you're
aware enough...
even now...
to know that there's
nothing sadistic...
in my actions.
At this moment...
this is me...
at my most masochistic.
Bill...
it's your baby.
Looked dead...
didn't I?
Well, I wasn't.
But it wasn't from lack of trying.
I can tell you that.
Actually, Bill's last bullet...
put me in a coma.
A coma I was to lie
in for four years.
When I woke up...
I went on...
what the movie...
advertisements refer to ass:
A roaring rampage...
of revenge.
I roared...
and I rampaged...
and I got bloody satisfaction.
I've killed a hell of a lot of
people... To get to this point.
But I have only one more.
The last one.
The one I'm driving
to right now.
The only one left.
And when I arrive at my
destination...
I am going to kill Bill.
Now, the incident that happened at
The Two Pines Wedding Chapel...
that put this whole gory
story into motion...
has since become legend.
"Massacre at Two Pines." That's what the newspapers called it.
The local TV news called it:
"The El Paso, Texas Wedding Chapel Massacre."
How it happened, who was there...
how many got killed
and who killed them...
changes depending on who's
Telling the story.
In actual fact...
The massacre didn't happen
during a wedding at all.
It was a wedding rehearsal.
Now, when we come to the part where

**I say:**
you may kiss the bride.
But don't stick your tongue in her mouth.
This might be funny to your friends...
but it would be embarrassing to your parents.
We'll try to restrain ourselves, Reverend.
Y'all got a song?
How about "Love Me Tender"?
I can play that.
Sure.
"Love Me Tender" be great.
Rufus, he's the man.
Rufus, who was that you used to play for?
Rufus Thomas.
Rufus Thomas.
I was a Drell.
I was a Drifter.
I was a Coaster. I was part of the Gang. I was a Bar-Kay.
If they come through Texas
I played them.
Rufus, he's the man.
Have I forgotten anything?
-Oh, yes, you forgot the seating arrangements.
-Thank you, Mother.
Now, the way we
normally do this...
we have the bride's side
and then we have the groom's side.
But since the bride ain't
got nobody coming...
and the groom's got far too
many people coming.
They're coming all the way
from Oklahoma.
Right.
Well, I don't see no problem...
with the groom's side
sharing the bride's side.
-Do you, Mother?
-No, I don't have a problem with that.
But, honey, you know it would be
good if you had somebody come.
You know, as a sign of good faith.
Well, I don't have anybody...
except for Tommy...
And my friends.
You have no family?
I'm working on changing that.
Mrs. Harmony, we're all the
family this little angel's ever going to need.
I'm not feeling very well and this
bitch is starting to piss me off...
So while you all blather on I'm going
to go outside and get some air.
Reverend, sorry.
She's going to get some air.
Given her delicate condition.
She's just needs a few minutes to
get it together. She'll be okay.
Right.
Hello, Kiddo.
How did you find me?
I'm the man.
What are you doing here?
What am I doing?
Well...
a moment ago,
I was playing my flute.
At this moment...
I'm looking at the most beautiful...
bride these old eyes have ever seen.
Why are you here?
Last look.
Are you going to be nice?
I've never been nice my whole life.
But I'll do my best to be sweet.
I always told you...
your sweet side is your best side.
I guess that's why...
you're the only one who's ever seen it.
See you got a bun in the oven.
I'm knocked-up.
Jeez, Louise.
That young man of yours sure doesn't believe in wasting time, does he?
Have you seen Tommy?
Big guy in the tux?
Yes.
Then I saw him. I like his hair.
You promised you'd be nice.
No, I said I'd do my best.
That's hardly a promise.
But you're right.
What does your young man do for a living?
He owns a used record store here in El Paso.
Music lover, eh?
He's fond of music.
Aren't we all.
And what are you doing for a J-O-B these days?
I work in the record store.
Aso.
It all suddenly seems so clear.
Do you like it?
Yeah, I like it a lot, smart-ass..
I get to listen to music all day...
talk about music all day.
It's really cool.
It's going to be a great environment...
For my little girl to grow up in.
As opposed to jetting around the
world, killing human beings...
and being paid vast sums of money?
Precisely.
Well, my old friend...
to each his own.
However...
all cockblockery aside...
I am looking forward to meeting
your young man.
I happen to be, more or less
particular whom my gal marries.
You want to come to the wedding?
Only if I can sit on the
bride's side.
You'll find it a bit lonely
on my side.
Your side always was
a bit lonely.
But I wouldn't sit
anywhere else.
You know...
I had the loveliest dream about you.
Oh, here's Tommy.
Call me Arlene.
You must be Tommy. Arlene's told
Me so much about you.
-Honey, you okay?
-Oh, I'm fine.
Tommy, I'd like you to meet
my father.
Oh, my God.
Oh, my God, this is great.
I'm so glad to meet you, sir.
Oh, Dad.
The name's Bill.
Well, it's great to meet you, Bill.
Arlene told me you couldn't make it.
Surprise.
That's my pop for you.
Always full of surprises.
Well, in the surprise department...
the apple doesn't fall far
from the tree.
-When did you get in?
-Just now.
-Did you come straight from Australia?
-Of course.
Daddy, I told Tommy that you
were in Perth mining for silver..
and no one could reach you.
Lucky for us all, that's not the case.
So...
what's this all about?
I've heard of wedding rehearsals
but I don't believe I've ever heard...
of a wedding dress
rehearsal before.
We thought...
Why pay so much money for a
dress you're only going to wear once?
Especially when Arlene
looks so goddamn beautiful in it.
So, I think we're going to try to get
All the mileage we can out of it.
Isn't it supposed to be bad luck...
for the groom to see the bride in her
wedding dress before the ceremony?
Well, I guess I just believe in living
dangerously.
I know just what you mean.
Son.
Some of us have places to be.
Sure do.
We got to go through this one
more time.
So, why don't you have...
Oh, my God. What am I thinking?
You should give her away.
Tommy, that's not exactly
Daddy's cup of tea.
I think Father'd be more comfortable
sitting with the rest of the guests.
Really?
That's asking a lot.
Well, forget it. But how about we go
Out to dinner tonight, celebrate.
Only if I pay for everything.
Deal.
We got to do this now.
Can I watch?
Absolutely. Have a seat.
Which is the bride's side?
Right over here.
Mother, here we go.
Now, son, about
them vows.
I just wanted...
You don't owe me a damn thing.
If he's the man you want...
then go stand by him.
Do I look pretty?
Thank you.
Oh, good.
It's all much more sim...
What the hell?!
You're telling me...
she cut her way through 88
bodyguards...
brfore she got to O-Ren?
No, there wasn't really 88 of them.
They just call themselves
"The Crazy 88."
-How come?
-I don't know.
I guess they thought it sounded cool.
Anyhow...
they all fell under
her Hanzo sword.
She's got a Hanzo sword?
He made one for her.
Didn't he swear a blood oath to
Never make another sword?
It would appear he has broken it.
Them Japs sure know how to
Hold a grudge, don't they?
Or maybe...
you just tend to bring that
out in people.
I know this is a ridiculous
question before I ask it...
but you haven't, by any chance
kept up with your swordplay?
I pawned that years ago.
You hocked a
Hattori Hanzo sword?
It was priceless.
Well, not in El Paso, it ain't.
In El Paso,
I got me $250 for it.
I'm a bouncer in a
titty bar, Bill.
If she wants to fight me, she's got
to come to the club, start some shit...
and we'll be in a fight.
I know we haven't spoken
in some time.
And the last time we spoke wasn't
The most pleasant...
but you've got to get over
being mad at me...
and start becoming afraid of...
because she is coming and she's
coming to kill you.
And unless you accept my assistance
I have no doubt she will succeed.
I don't dodge guilt and I don't
Jew out of paying my comeuppance.
Can't we just forget
the past?
That woman deserves
her revenge.
And we deserve to die.
But, then again...
so does she.
So I guess...
we'll just see...
won't we?
Late again.
Budd, can't you tell time?
There ain't nobody in here, man.
Is that Budd?!
Tell him to get his fucking
ass back here!
Budd, Larry'd like a word with you.
Take a hit.
Be somebody, baby.
You looking for me?
I don't know what car wash you worked
I don't know what car wash
that let you stroll
in 20 minutes late...
but it wasn't owned by me and
I own a fucking car wash.
-Do you want me to leave?
-No, I want you to sit and wait.
Larry...
there ain't nobody out there, so...
There's nobody out there,
Larry.
What's your point?
That you're not needed here?
My point is...
I'm the bouncer...
and there ain't
nobody out there to bounce.
You're saying that the reason...
that you're not doing the job
that I'm paying you to do...
I'm paying you to do
a job to do?
Is that what you're saying?
What are you trying to convince me of?
That you're as useless as an
asshole right here?
Well, guess what, Buddy...
I think you just fucking
convinced me.
Let's go to the calendar.
It's calendar time.
Calendar time for Buddy.
Okay, you working tomorrow?
No, you're not. You don't even
know what fucking day you work.
Here. You're not working tomorrow
you're working Wednesday. There
Working Thursday?
I don't think so.
Friday?
There's your name.
-If you say so.
-There used to be your name.
Saturday...
there used to be your name.
So Monday you're going to...
Here, how about that?
Fucking with your cash is
the only thing you kids seem to...
understand. Okay?
Now, I want you to go home till
I call you. Till I call you.
Before you leave, talk to Rocket.
She's got a job for you to do.
And...
the hat.
That fucking hat.
That fucking hat.
How many times have I told you...
don't wear that fucking hat here?
How many?
Well, customers wear hats.
Well, I'm not the boss of the
customers. I'm the boss of you.
And I'm telling you...
that I want you to keep that
shit-kicker hat at home.
Yeah, Budd, honey, the toilet
Is at it again.
There's shitty water all over
the floor.
Okay...
Rocket.
I'll clean it up.
Well that gentled you down
some, didn't it?
Ain't nobody a badass with
a double dose of rock salt...
dug deep in their tits.
Not having...
tits...
as fine...
or as big as yours...
I can't even imagine how bad that
shit must sting.
Yet...
I don't want to neither.
I win..
Bill?
Wrong brother
you hateful bitch.
-Budd.
-Bingo
And to what do I owe this
dubious pleasure?
I just caught me the cowgirl ain't
never been caught.
Did you kill her?
Well, not yet I ain't.
I shot her full
of rock salt.
She's so gentle right now I could...
perform her coup de grace
with a rock.
Anywho...
Guess what I'm holding in my
hand right now.
What?
A brand spanking new
Hattori Hanzo sword.
And I'm here to tell you, Elle...
that's what I call sharp.
How much?
Oh, that's hard to say, being
that it's priceless and all....
What's the terms?
You get your bony ass down here
first thing in the morning...
...with a million dollars
in folding cash...
and I'll give you the greatest sword
ever made by a man.
How do you like the sound of that?
Sounds like we got a deal.
One condition.
What?
She must suffer to
her last breath.
Well that, Elle, darling...
I can pretty much damn well
guarantee.
Then I'll see you in the morning...
millionaire.
All right.
Wakey, wakey.
Eggs and bakey.
I'm done!
Get me out of this hole!
Good.
Who, look at those eyes.
This bitch is furious.
What did I tell you?
Is she the cutest little blond...
pussy you ever saw?
Or is she the cutest little...
blond pussy you ever saw?
I seen better.
You got anything to say?
White women call this
"the silent treatment."
And we let them think
we don't like it.
You grab the feet
I'll get the head.
Wiggle worm. You see this?
You see it, don't you?
That's a can of Mace.
You're going underneath
the ground tonight.
And that's all there is to it.
I want to bury you.
I was going to bury you...
with this.
But if you're going to act like
a horse's ass...
I'm going to spray this whole goddamn
can right in your eyeballs!
I'll burn them right out
of your fucking head.
Then you're going to be blind...
and burning...
and buried alive.
Now, what's it going to be, sister?
That's a wise decision.
This is for breaking my
brother's heart.

Once upon a time in China...
some believe...
around the year one double
aught-three...
head priest of the
White Lotus Clan, Pai Mei...
was walking down a road...
contemplating whatever it is...
that a man of Pai Mei's infinite
powers would contemplate...
which is another way of saying
"who knows?"
when a Shaolin monk
appeared on the road...
traveling in the opposite direction.
As the monk and the priest
Crossed paths...
Pai Mei...
in a practically unfathomable
display of generosity...
gave the monk
the slightest of nods.
The nod was not returned.

Now, was it the intention of the
Shaolin monk to insult Pai Mei?
Or did he just fail to see
the generous social gesture?
The motives of the
monk remain unknown.
What is known...
were the consequences.
The next morning...
Pai Mei appeared at the
Shaolin temple...
and demanded...
of the temple's head abbot that he
offer Pai Mei his neck...
to repay the insult.
The abbot, at first, tried
to console Pai Mei...
only to find Pai Mei was...
inconsolable.
So began...
the Massacre of the Shaolin Temple...
and all 60 of the monks inside...
at the fists of the White Lotus.
And so began the legend...
of Pai Mei's...
Five-Point-Palm...
Exploding-Heart Technique.
Exploding-Heart Technique?
Quite simply...
the deadliest blow in all...
of martial arts.
He hits you with...
his fingertips...
at five different pressure points...
on your body...
and then lets you walk away.
But once you've taken five steps...
your heart explodes...
inside your body...
and you fall to the floor, dead.
Did he teach you that?
He teaches no one...
the Five-Point-Palm
Exploding-Heart Technique....
Now...
one of the things I've always...
Liked about you, Kiddo...
is you appear wise beyond
your years.
So allow me to impart a word
to the wise.
Whatever...
Whatever Pai Mei says.
obey.
If you flash him, even for...
an instant defiant eye...
he'll pluck it out.
And if you throw any...
American sass his way...
he'll snap your back and...
your neck like they were twigs.
And that will be the story of you.
He'll accept you as his student.
-What happened to you?
-Nothing.
-Get in a fight?
- Friendly contest.
Why did he accept me?
Because he's a very, very...
very old man.
And like all...
rotten bastards...
when they become old...
they get lonely.
Which has no effect on their
dispositions...
but it does teach them the value...
of company.
Just seeing those steps again...
makes me ache.
You'll have lots of fun...
carrying buckets...
of water up and down that fucker.
When will I see you again?
That's the title...
of my favorite
Soul song of the '70s.
-What?
-Nothing.
When he tells me you're done.
When do you think that might be?
That, my dearest, depends entirely
on you.
Now remember, no sarcasm,
no backtalk.
At least not for the first year or so.
You're going to have to let him warm up to you.
He hates Caucasians,
despises Americans...
and has nothing but contempt
For women.
So in your case, it might take a little while.
Master...
Your Mandarin is lousy.
It causes my ears discomfort.
You bray like an ass!
You are not to speak unless spoken to.
Is it too much to hope...
you understand Cantonese?
I speak Japanese very well...
I didn't ask if you speak Japanese...
I asked if you understand Cantonese?
A little.
You are here to learn the mysteries of Kung fu...
not linguistics.
If you don't get me, I'll communicate with you like I would a dog...
When I yell, when I point, when I beat you with my stick.
Bill is your master, is he not?
Yes, he is.
Your master tells me, you're not entirely unschooled.
What training do you possess?
I am proficient in Tiger-Crane Style.
And I am more than proficient in the exquisite art of the Samurai sword.
The exquisite art of the Samurai sword.
Don't make me laugh!
Your so-called exquisite art, is only fit for Japanese fat heads!
Your anger amuses me.
Do you believe you are my match?
No.
Are you aware I kill at will?
Yes.
Is it your wish to die?
No.
Then you must be stupid...
Then you must be stupid...so stupid.
Rise, and let me look
at your ridiculous face.
Rise.
So my pathetic friend, Is there
anything that you can do well?
What's the matter?
Cat got your tongue?
Oh yes, you speak Japanese.
I despise the Goddamn Japs!
Go to that rack.
Remove the sword.
Let's see how good you really are.
If...
you land a single blow...
I'll bow down and call you master.
From here you can get an excellent
view of my foot.
Your swordsmanship
is amateur at best.
Your so-called kung-fu
is really quite pathetic.
I asked you to demonstrate what you
Know and you did...
Not a goddamn thing!
Let's see your
Tiger Crane...
match my
Eagle's Claw.
Like all Yankee women...
all you can do is order
in restaurants...
and spend a man's
money.
Excruciating, isn't it?
Yes!
If it was my wish...
-I could chop your arm off.
-No, please don't!
It's my arm now.
I can do what I please.
If you can stop me
I suggest you try.
I can't.
Because you're helpless?
Yes.
Have you ever felt this before?
No.
Compared to me, you're as helpless
as a worm fighting an eagle?
Yes!!!
That's the beginning!
Is it your wish to possess this
kind of power?
Yes!
Your training will begin
tomorrow.
Since your arm now belongs to me...
I want it strong.
Can you do that?
- I can, but not that close.
- Then you can't do it.
What if your enemy, is three inches
in front of you...
What do you do then...
Curl into a ball...
or do you put your FIST through him?
Now begin.
It's the wood that should fear your
hand not the other way around.
No wonder you can't do it...
you acquiesce to defeat
before you even begin.
If you want to eat like a dog...
You can live and sleep
outside like a dog.
If you want to live and sleep
like a human...
pick up those sticks.
Come on, you bitch.
Okay, Pai Mei.
Here I come.
May I have a glass of water, please?
So,
that's a Texas funeral?
I have to give it to you, Budd.
That's a
pretty fucked up way to die.
What's the name on the grave
she's buried under?
Paula...
Schultz.
Can I look at the sword?
That's my money right there in that
red bag, isn't it?
It sure is.
Well, then, it's your sword now.
So this is a Hattori Hanzo sword.
What's that you said?
So this is a Hattori Hanzo sword.
That's a Hanzo sword all right.
Bill tells me you once had one of
these had one of the of your own.
Yeah, once.
How does this one compare
to that?
If you're going to compare
a Hanzo sword...
you compare it to every other sword
ever made, wasn't made...
by Hattori Hanzo.
Here you go.
Wrap your lips around that.
So...
which "R" are you filled with?
What?
They say...
the number one killer of old people...
is retirement.
People got a job to do...
they tend to live a little bit longer
so they can do it.
I've always figured that warriors
and their enemies...
share the same relationship.
So now that you won't have to face your
enemy no more on the
which "R" you filled with?
Relief?
Or regret?
A little bit of both.
Horseshit.
I'm sure you do feel
a little bit of both.
But I know damn well that you feel
one more than you feel the other.
And the question was:
Which one is it?
Regret.
You know, you got to hand it to
the old girl
I never saw anybody buffalo Bill
the way she buffalooed Bill.
Bill thought she was so damn smart.
And I tried to tell him, she was just
smart for a blond.
Thanks a bunch.
All right.
I'm sorry, Budd.
That was rude of me, wasn't it?
Budd, I'd like to introduce my friend,
the black mamba.
Black mamba...
this is Budd.
Before I picked that little fella up,
I looked him up on the Internet.
Fascinating creature, the black mamba.

**Listen to this:**
In Africa, the saying goes:
"In the bush, an elephant can kill you,
a leopard can kill you...
and a black mamba can
kill you.
But only with the mamba...
and this has been true in Africa
since the dawn of time...
is death sure.
Hence its handle,
"Death Incarnate."
Pretty cool, huh?
Its neurotoxic...
venom is one of nature's most effective poisons... acting on the nervous system, causing paralysis. The venom of a black mamba can kill a human being in four hours... if, say, bitten on the ankle or the thumb. However, a bite to the face or torso... can bring death from paralysis within 20 minutes. Now, you should listen to this, because this concerns you. The amount of venom that's delivered from a single bite can be gargantuan. I've always liked the word "gargantuan." I rarely have an opportunity to use it. If not treated quickly with antivenom... ten to 15 milligrams can be fatal to human beings. However, the black mamba can deliver... as much as 100 to 400 milligrams of venom from a single bite. Now... in these last agonizing... minutes of life you have left... let me answer that question you asked earlier more thoroughly. Right at this moment... the biggest "R" I feel is regret. Regret of leaving... maybe the greatest warrior I have ever met... met her end at the hands of a bushwhacking... scrub, alkie, piece of shit
like you.
That woman deserved better.
Bill.
I have some tragic news.
Your brother's dead.
I'm so sorry, baby.
She put a black mamba
in his camper.
I got her, sweetie. She's dead.
Let me put it this way:
You ever start feeling sentimental,
go to Barstow, California.
When you get here, walk into a florist
and buy a bunch of flowers.
Take those flowers to Huntington
Cemetery on Fuller and Guadalupe...
look for the headstone
marked Paula Schultz...
and lay them on the grave.
Because you will be standing
at the final resting place.
of Beatrix Kiddo.
-Marty Kistrosser?
-Here.
-Melanie Harrhouse?
-Here.
-Beatrix Kiddo?
-Here.
Look, I can be there in about four hours.
Do you want me to come over?
No. You need me, baby,
I'm there.
I'm leaving now. You go smoke some pot
or something, I'll be there soon.
Gross.
To my brother, Budd. The only
man I ever loved. Bill.
What's that?
Budd's Hanzo sword.
He said he pawned it.
Guess that makes him a liar
now, don't it?
Elle.
B.
Something I've always
been curious about.
Just between us girls...
what did you say to Pai Mei...
to make
him snatch out your eye?
I called him a
miserable old fool...
Bad idea.
Know what I did?
I killed that miserable
old fool.
How do you like the fish head,
you miserable old fool?
I poisoned his
fish heads.
Elle, you treacherous dog.
I give you my word...

And I told him:
To me, the word of an old
fool like you...
is worth...
less than nothing.
That's right.
I killed your master.
And now I'm going to kill you too...
with your own sword, no less.
Which in the very immediate future...
will become my sword.
Bitch...
you don't have a future.
I can't see!
 Fucking bitch!
I'll kill you! You're fucking dead!
Fucking dead!!
You bitch! You bitch!
I'll fucking kill you, you bitch!
I'll get you!
I'm going to kill you!
Where are you?! Let me fucking at you!
Where are you?! Let me fucking at you!
You're fucking dead!
You're dead! I'll kill you,
Like most men who never knew their father, Bill collected father figures. The first was Esteban Vihaio. Esteban was a pimp and a friend of Bill's mother. He ran a brothel in Acuna, Mexico for over 50 years. His army, the Acuna Boys... made up of the fatherless offspring of his whores, ran Acuna. He ran the Acuna Boys. Now, at the age of 80... it would be this retired gentleman of leisure... who could point me in Bill's direction. Senor Esteban Vihaio? May I join you? Only on the condition that you call me Esteban. May I join you, Esteban? Please. Americana? I speak a little Spanish, if you prefer. I prefer English. I haven't spoken it in a while, but I would relish the opportunity... to converse with such a pretty companion as yourself. It's my pleasure... to be in the company of such a fine gentleman as yourself. I must warn you, young lady... I am susceptible to flattery. How may I be of service to you? Where's Bill? You must be Beatrix.
I can see the attraction.
I remember when Bill was only 5 years old, I took him to the movies.
It was a movie starring

**Lana Turner:**
The Postman Always Ring Twice, with John Garfields.
And whenever she would appear on the screen...
Bill would begin compulsively to suck his thumb to an obscene amount.
his thumb to an obscene amount.
this boy was a fool for blonds.
You know...
being a fool for a woman such as yourself...
is always the right thing to do.
If we had met when I was back in business...
you would have been my number one lady.
Well, I'm flattered.
You goddamn well better be.
I heard you were driving A truck.
My Pussy Wagon died on me.
The Pussy died.
Bill shot you in the head, no?
I would have been much nicer.
I would have just cut your face.
You must forgive me.
Please, you have a drink with me.
Clarita.
Coming.
What were we talking about?
Bill.
Where's Bill?
Where's Bill?
Bill is at the Villa Quatro, on the road to Salina.
I will draw you a map.
Bill is like a son to me.
Do you know why I help you?
Because he would want me to.
Now that I don't believe.
How else is he ever going to see you again?
Freeze, Mommy.
She got us, B.B.
Mommy got us.
I'm dying.
I'm dying. I'm dy... 
Fall down, sweetheart.
Mommy shot us.
But little did Quickdraw Kiddo know...
that little B.B.
was only playing possum...
due to the fact that
she was impervious to bullets.
I am pervious
to bullets, Mommy.
Hey, get back down there.
You're playing possum.
So as the smirking killer
advanced...
on what she thought was a
bullet-ridden corpse...
that's when little B.B. fired.
You're dead, Mommy. So die.
B.B.
I should've known.
I should've known.
Oh, Mommy, don't die.
I was just playing.
I know.
I told her that you were
asleep...
but that one day you'd wake up
and come back to her.
And she asked me:
If Mommy's been asleep
since I was born...
than how will she know
what I look like?
To which I replied:
Because Mommy's been
dreaming of you.
That's what I said.
Did you dream of me?
I dreamed of you.
Every single night, baby.
Every single night.
I waited a long time
for you to wake up, Mommy.
Let me look at you.
My, what a pretty little girl
you are.
You're pretty too, Mommy.
Tell Mommy what you said when
showed you her picture.
Come on, shy girl.
Come on. You know what you said.
Come on. Tell Mommy.
It'll make her feel good.
Yeah. Come on.

I said:
You're the most beautifulest
woman I ever saw...
in the whole wide world.
That's the truth.
That's what she said.
B.B...
don't you think Mommy has the...
prettiest hair in the
whole wide world?
Yes, I do.
Matter of fact,
it's better than pretty.
What's better than pretty?
Gorgeous.
Very good. Gorgeous.
Mommy is gorgeous.
You know, sweetie, Mommy's kind
of mad at Daddy.
Why, Daddy?
Were you being a bad daddy?
I'm afraid I was.
I was a real bad daddy.
Our little girl learned about
life and death the other day.
Want to tell Mommy about
what happened to Emilio?
I killed him.
Emilio was her goldfish.
Emilio was my goldfish.
She came running
into my room...
holding the fish in her hand and
crying, "Daddy. Daddy. Emilio's dead."
And I said, "Really? That's so sad.
How did he die?"
And what did you say?
I stepped on him.
Actually, young lady, the words
you so strategically used were:
I accidentally stepped on him.
To which I queried:
"And just how did your foot...
accidentally find its way
into Emilio's fishbowl?"
And she said, "No. Emilio was on
the carpet when I stepped on him."
The plot thickens.
And just how did Emilio get
on the carpet?
And, Mommy, you would have
been so proud of her.
She didn't lie.
She said she took Emilio
out of his bowl...
and put him on the carpet.
And what was Emilio doing
on the carpet?
Flapping.
And then you stomped on him.
And when you lifted up your foot...
what was Emilio doing then?
Nothing.
He stopped flapping, didn't he?
She told me later...
that the second she lifted up her foot and saw Emilio not flapping...
she knew what she had done.
Is that not the perfect visual image of life and death?
A fish flapping
on the carpet...
and a fish not flapping on the carpet.
So powerful...
even a 4-year-old with no concept of life or death...
knew what it meant.
You loved Emilio, didn't you?
Well...
I love Mommy too...
But I did to Mommy what you did to Emilio.
-You stomped on Mommy?
- Worse.
I shot Mommy.
Not pretend shooting like we were just doing.
I shot her for real.
Why? Did you want to see what would happen?
No, I knew what would happen to Mommy If I shot her.
What I didn't know was, when I shot Mommy, what would happen to me.
What happened?
I was very sad.
And that's when I learned:
Some things, once you do... they can never be undone.
What happened to Mommy?
Why don't you ask Mommy?
You okay, Mommy? Did it hurt?
No, sweetie.
Doesn't hurt anymore.
Did it make you sick?
It made me sleep.
That's why I haven't been with you, B.B. I've been asleep.
But you're awake now, Mommy, right?
I'm wide awake, pretty girl.
B.B., would you like Mommy to
watch a video with you...
before sleepy time?
Mommy, do you want to watch a
video with me before sleepy time?
Oh, yeah! I would love to.
-Which one do you want to watch?
-Shogun Assassin.
No, B.B. Shogun Assassin is too long.
No, it's not.
Well, then, I'll leave
you ladies to it.
When I was little...
my father was famous.
He was the greatest samurai
in the empire.
And he was the
shogun's decapitator.
He cut off the heads
of 131 lords.
My father would come
home to Mother...
And when he would see her he would
forget about the killings.
He wasn't scared
of the shogun...
but the shogun
was scared of him.
Maybe that was the problem.
One night...
The shogun sent his
ninja spies...
I was just admiring
your sword.
Quite a piece of work.
Speaking of which, how is
Hanzo-san?
He's good.
Has his sushi gotten any better?
You know, I couldn't
believe it.
-You got him to make you a sword.
It was easy.
I just dropped your name,
Bill.
That'd do it.
I suppose the idea is we
cross Hanzo swords.
Am I right?
Well...
it just so happens this hacienda
has its own private beach.
And that private beach...
just so happens to look particularly
beautiful bathed in moonlight.
And there just so happens to be
a full moon out tonight.
So, swordfighter...
if you want a swordfight,
that's where I suggest.
But if you want to be old school
about it...
and you know I'm all
about old school then we could wait...
until dawn and slice each other...
up at sunrise like
a couple of real-life, honest...
Now, if you don't settle down,
I'll have to put one in your kneecap...
And I hear tell that's
a very painful...
place to get shot in.
I'm just fucking with you.
Now...
when it comes to you...
and us...
I have a few unanswered
questions.
So...
before this tale of bloody revenge
reaches its climax...
I'm going to ask you some questions
and I want you to tell me the truth.
However, therein lies a dilemma.
Because, when it comes to the
subject of me...
I believe you are truly and utterly incapable of telling the truth. Especially to me. And least of all to yourself. And when it comes to the subject of me... I am truly and utterly incapable... of believing anything you say. How do you suppose we solve this dilemma? Well it just so happens... I have a solution. Gotcha! Goddamn! What the fuck did you just shoot me with?! My greatest invention. Or at least my favorite. Don't touch it or I'll stick another one right in your cheek. What lies within that dart... just begging to course its way through your veins... is an incredibly potent... infallible truth serum. I call it "The Undisputed Truth." Twice as strong as sodium pentothal... with no druggie aftereffects. Except for a slight wave of euphoria. You feel it? Euphoria? Too bad. As you know... I'm quite keen on comic books. Especially the ones about superheroes.
I find the whole mythology surrounding superheroes fascinating.
Take my favorite superhero, Superman.
Not a great comic book.
Not particularly well drawn.
But the mythology...
The mythology is not only great, it's unique.
How long does this shit take to go into effect?
About two minutes. Just long enough for me to finish my point.
Now a staple of the superhero mythology is...
there's the superhero and there's the alter ego.
Batman is actually Bruce Wayne.
Spider-Man is actually Peter Parker.
When that character wakes up in the morning, he's Peter Parker.
He has to put on a costume to become Spider-Man.
And it is in...
that characteristic Superman stands alone.
Superman didn't become Superman.
Superman was born Superman.
When Superman wakes up in the morning, he's Superman.
His alter ego is Clark Kent.
His outfit with the big red "S"... that's the blanket...
he was wrapped in as a baby when the Kents found him.
Those are his clothes.
What Kent wears, the glasses, the business suit, that's the costume.
That's the costume Superman wears to blend in with us.
Clark Kent is how
Superman views us.
And what are the characteristics
of Clark Kent?
He's weak...
he's unsure of himself...
he's a coward.
Clark Kent is Superman's critique
on the whole human race.
Sort of like Beatrix Kiddo and
Mrs. Tommy Plympton.
Aso.
The point emerges.
You would've worn the costume
of Arlene Plympton...
But you were born Beatrix Kiddo.
And every morning when you woke up,
you'd still be Beatrix Kiddo.
Oh, you can take the needle out.
Are you calling
me a superhero?
I'm calling
you a killer.
A natural Born killer.
You always have been
and you always will be.
Moving to El Paso...
working in a used record store...
going to the movies with Tommy...
clipping coupons.
That's you trying to disguise
yourself as a worker bee.
That's you trying to blend in
with the hive.
But you're
not a worker bee.
You're a renegade
killer bee.
And no matter how much beer you drank
or barbecue you ate...
or how fat your ass got...
nothing in the world would
ever change that.
**First question:**
Did you really think your life in El Paso was going to work?
But I would've had B.B.!
Don't get me wrong, I think you would've been a wonderful mother.
But you are a killer.
All those people you killed to get to me...
  felt damn good, didn't they?
Every single one of them?
Every single one of them?
Now comes the $64,000 question.
Why did you run away from me with my baby?
Do you remember the last assignment You sent on me.
Of course.
Lisa Wong.
The morning I left,
  I was sick.
On the plane, I threw up.
So I started thinking:
  Maybe I was pregnant.
  Easy to use.
  Remove cap and urinate on
  the absorbent end for five seconds.
  Accurate results in
  only 90 seconds.
  You can read the results as soon as the line appears in the window.
  Fuck.
What I didn't know...
  was that somewhere on my journey
  I had been spotted.
With me in L.A.,
  it didn't take Li Wong long...
  to send an assassin of her own.
Hello, can I help you?
I'm Karen Kim, the hospitality manager.
I have a welcome gift from management.
That's nice...
Can you leave it by the door?
You pretty good with that shotgun?
Not that I have to be at this range.
But I'm a surgeon with this shotgun.
Well, guess what, bitch.
I'm better than Annie Oakley.
And I got you right in my sight.
I could blow your fucking head off.
Not before I put one right between
your eyes, so let's talk.
Karen...
I just found out...
right now...
not a moment before you
blew a hole through the door...
that I'm pregnant.
What is this?
On the floor by the door...
is a strip that says
I'm pregnant.
Bullshit.
Any other time you'd
be 100 percent right.
This time...
you're 100 percent wrong.
I'm the deadliest woman
in the world.
But right now I'm just scared
shitless for my baby.
Please.
Just look at the strip.
Please.
Stay where you are
and don't move.
I don't know what this shit means.
The box with the directions
is there.
Easy to use.
Remove the cap and urinate
on the absorbent end.
Blue means pregnant.
I'll read it myself, thank you.
Say I were to believe you.
What then?
Just go home.
I'll do the same.
Congratulations.
Before that
strip turned blue...
I was a woman,
I was your woman.
I was a killer who killed
for you.
Before that strip turned blue...
I would've jumped a motorcycle
onto a speeding train.
For you.
But once that strip
turned blue...
I could no longer do any
of those things.
Not anymore.
Because I was going
to be a mother.
Can you understand that?
But why didn't you tell
me then instead of now?
Once you knew,
you'd claim her.
Not your
decision to make.
But it's the right decision,
and I made it for my daughter.
She deserved to be born
with a clean slate.
But with you...
she would've been born into a world
she shouldn't have.
I had to choose.
I chose her.
You know, five years ago...
if I had to make a list...
of impossible things
that could never happen...
you performing a coup de grace
on me by busting a cap in my crown...
would've been right at the
top of the list.
I'd have been wrong, wouldn't I?
I'm sorry.
Was that a question?
Of impossible things that
could never happen...
yes, in this instance you
would've been wrong.
Well?
When you never came back...
I naturally assumed Lisa Wong or
somebody else...
had killed you.
And for the record...
letting somebody think...
somebody they
love is dead when they're not...
is quite cruel.
I mourned you
for three months.
And in the third month of
mourning you...
I tracked you down.
I wasn't trying to track you down.
I was trying to track down the fucking
assholes I thought killed you.
So I find you...
and what do I find?
Not only are
you not dead...
you're getting married
to some fucking jerk.
And you're pregnant.
I overreacted.
You overreacted?
Is that your explanation?
I didn't say I would explain myself.
I said I would tell you the truth.
But if that's too cryptic,
let's get literal.
I'm a killer.
I'm a murdering bastard.
You know that.
And there are consequences...
to breaking the heart of
a murdering bastard.
You experienced some of them.
Was my reaction
really that surprising?
It was.
Could you do what you did?
Of course you could.
But I never thought...
you would or could
do that to me.
I'm really sorry, Kiddo...
but you thought wrong.
You and I have
unfinished business.
Baby...
you ain't kidding.
Pai Mei taught you
the Five-Point-Palm...
Exploding-Heart
Technique?
Course he did.
Why didn't you tell me?
I don't know.
Because I'm...
a bad person.
You're not a bad person.
You're a terrific person.
You're my favorite person.
But every once in a while...
you can be a real cunt.
How do I look?
You look ready.
Well, well, well.
If it ain't the little flower.
Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America
and all the ships at sea.
Let's go to press. Flash.
Do you have a magpie in your home?
If you do, you are most
The magpie is the most charming
bird in all the world.
He's the best friend a
farmer ever had.
Treat him gently.
Treat him kindly.
And always remember, the magpie
deserves your respect.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Thank you.
Now, I'll tell you what
I'm going to do.
I ain't got no headache.
Oh, yes, you have, brother.
Mark it.
And, action!
Cut.
Oh, come on, let's do it again.